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ARE STEINBERGER & SONS'

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According to the Rev. Dr. Sheldon more men get drunk in England than in America. But we would call the reverend gentleman's attention to one thing—they can't do it so artistically.

If the titled foreigners, who from time to time are this nation's guests, see only the smart set in Boston, New York and Newport, it is not surprising that they conclude this nation is a degenerate one.

Sure 'nough! Is the government going to change its twenty dollar gold pieces? Well, that is what we have always had to do with ours. But Uncle Sam has our sympathy—and our gold pieces too.

It is rumored that Governor Vardaman and several friends will soon start a paper in Jackson. If ever a city needed a clean, fair newspaper, with brains behind it, Jackson's that city. Messrs. Vardaman and Blakelock should be able to deliver the goods.

Some people in Mississippi are still hanging on to that vague dream that William Jennings Bryan will this time be president. Forget it! Even his own party does not want him to have the nomination, and if they do not, certainly no one else does.

Here's marital love with a vengeance: On being notified by the police that her husband had just been found dead in a Minnesota town, Mrs. Mary Snape, of Chicago, sent this reply: "Mrs. Snape has five children to support and takes in washing, and has no time to bother about the death. Furthermore, he's nothing to her now."

The state executive committee met at Jackson on the 29th and declared the following gentlemen the nominees by this vote: For Governor—E. F. Noel, 58,407; Earl Brewer, 56,405; majority for Mr. Noel 2,002. For Lieutenant-Governor—Luther Manship, 56,859; Wylie N. Nesh, 49,192; majority for Manship, 7,667. For Railroad Commissioner—First district, John A. Webb, 17,163; Pressley Groves, 13,592; majority for Webb, 3,572. Second district—F. M. Lee, 16,447; S. D. McNair, 5,641; Lee's majority, 10,806. Third district—W. R. Scott, 26,728; L. M. Rivers, 19,982; Scott's majority, 6,746. For Penitentiary Trustee, Northern District—Leroy Taylor, 26,794; M. P. Bishop, 17,395; Taylor's majority, 9,399.

Mlle. G. Renaudot, a noted writer on scientific subjects, and member of the Astronomical Society, who has been observing the comet of 1907 from the Juiisy observatory in France, has formed an opinion of what would happen in event this comet, which is described as a great puff of wind, of fantastic shape, about 20,000,000 miles in length, would collide with the earth. "In all probability," she says, "the first effect would be a diminution of oxygen in the air. There would be extremely low spirits, a general depression, a dull lethargic stupor. All business would cease and a cold terror would fall on the earth, until the comet passed away. Then with the diminution of nitrogen and the increase of oxygen in the air, a great reaction would be produced. First there would be a happy satisfaction, an irresistible gaiety, then would come nervous excitement, caused by a more rapid combustion of the blood in the lungs, and its more rapid circulation. A wild orgy would follow. The whole of humanity would palpitate to the beating of one heart and in the end the brain would be attacked by oxygen. The world would be transfixed into wild madness, and participate in the wildest extravaganzas, ending in final exhaustion. But this will probably never happen."

Frank Herndon, of Boonville, is visiting his mother here this week.

The Average Girl. I wonder why every one is so ready to condemn the poor present day girl? The average girl of the present day has many interests and wastes far less time than the maiden of the "good old times."—Mrs. Neish, in M. A. P.

Where Trains Run Slowly. In the matter of train speed Austria, Italy and Spain are at the bottom of the list.

MEN THAT ARE POISONOUS.

Physician's Demonstration That Convicted Hard Smoker.

"You smoke 30 cigarettes a day?" "Yes, on the average." "Yet you don't blame them for your rundown condition?" "Not in the least. I blame my hard work."

The physician shook his head. He smiled in a vexed way. Then he took a leech out of a glass jar.

"Let me show you something," he said. "Bare your arm."

The cigarette fiend bared his pale arm, and the other laid the lean black leech upon it. The leech fell to work busily, its body began to swell. Then, all of a sudden, a kind of shudder convulsed it, and it fell to the floor dead.

"That is what your blood did to that leech," said the physician. He took up the little corpse between finger and thumb. "Look at it," he said. "Quite dead, you see. You poisoned it."

"I guess it wasn't a healthy leech in the first place," said the cigarette smoker sullenly.

And the physician clapped two leeches on the young man's thin arm.

"If they both die," said the patient, "I'll swear off—or, at least, I'll cut down my daily allowance from 30 cigarettes to 10."

Even as he spoke the smaller leech shivered and dropped on his knee dead and a moment later the larger one fell beside it.

"This is ghastly," said the young man. "I am worse than the pestilence to these leeches."

"It is the emphysematic oil in your blood," said the medical man. "All cigarette fiends have it. Smoke reasonably and this oil will disappear, and you will be no longer deadly to the leech. Furthermore, your appetite will return, you will sleep better, and your muddy color will clear up. It is not hard work but hard smoking that has brought these troubles down on you."

"Doc," said the young man, regarding the three dead leeches thoughtfully, "I half believe you're right."

A Fine Graduating Present.

A woman went into a Broadway florist's store one day not long ago to buy some flowers for a sweet girl graduate.

"I want to get some flowers for a young lady who is to graduate tomorrow," she said. "What have you?"

"How would some American beauties do?" asked the florist.

"What are they worth?"

"The best are seven dollars a dozen."

The woman thought a moment.

"Have you none cheaper?" she asked.

"We have them for 50 cents a dozen and 75 cents a dozen."

"Would carnations do for a graduating present?"

"Yes, indeed."

"Will you tie them up with ribbon?"

"Yes."

"Will you mix the colors?"

"Yes."

"Well," said the woman, after a moment's hesitation, "you may give me a red one and a white one."

The florist gasped. "Shall I put them in separate boxes?" he asked.

Remarkable Eloquence.

Here is part of an actual speech delivered in an Indian court of law by a pleader: "What they say is very, if not most, ridiculously absurd to believe. Indeed, it is incredulous. They say that the blood flew, and they did nothing to put the wounded into ease. This, sir, is a lie, an unmitigated lie—or rather a falsehood, or fable, or story, or, as Byron sarcastically observes, a terminal exactitude. These buffaloes never used to graze on the field, which is not actually even proper grazing meadow. The destination which they started was half a mile from the cynosure to which they went. Unless they did not ride on lightning horses, how could they reach to that premises in five minutes? Can any man—idiot even—will not believe such a stupid concoction?"

A Supplementary Statement.

Old Dr. Ryland, clergyman and educator, was greatly beloved in the south, and his visits were always enjoyed by his former pupils and parishioners. In his later years it was his custom to offer prayer whenever he made a ministerial call. On one occasion he called at a house where three of his former pupils were staying. These ladies were all past the thirtieth year mark, but in the eyes of the old gentleman they were still girls—which explains the petition he offered:

"Lord, bless these dear girls, just budding into sweet womanhood."

This was too much for one of the number, who, taking advantage of the doctor's deafness, added this clause, sotto voce: "Alas, Lord, budded, bloomed, faded and still unpleeked!"—Lippincott's.

Paderewski as Farmer.

His passion for country life has led Mr. Paderewski, the famous pianist, to establish a farm on his estate in Poland, where, between his tours, he occupies his time in rearing livestock and growing agricultural produce.

During a previous visit to this country Paderewski, through an agent, bought some prize pigs from a farmer in Essex who was quite unaware of the real profession of the purchaser.

A day or two later Paderewski visited the farm without disclosing his identity. During an inspection the farmer led the pianist to a sty and showed him a fine lot of pigs, remarking confidentially: "Do you see those? I have sold them to Mr. Paderewski, the great pig dealer from abroad."

IN RURAL HOLLAND

A DAY'S TRAVEL IN THE LAND OF DYKES.

From Amsterdam Through the Wonderful Country Wreathed from the Sea by Sheer Courage and Resourcefulness.

Here is a pretty description of a day's travel through Holland: "At Amsterdam I left the train and boarded a boat bound for the Helder, the northernmost point of North Holland, where the low-lying islands curve round to the horizon, looking as if they had been appointed ocean outposts to Friesland. The voyage might take a day, but what of that? There is only one way to travel in Holland—by water. The boat glides through the brimming canal, passes the clean towns and the many windmills. Life persists; passengers and cargoes come and go, but you are no longer at war with the world or in trouble with it. You are a spectator, idling through a summer day, wrapped in aloofness, content merely to be moving through the moist and luminous air. When the environs of Amsterdam are left behind and the waterside houses give place to the reeds that bend as the backwash overtakes them and the factories fade into vast, bright meadows, the spirit of this land, wrested from the sea, obsesses the traveler. I forgot to count the windmills, was indifferent to the locality of the hut where Peter the Great studied shipbuilding and was content with pretending to choose a habitation from among the dwellings whose gardens are washed by the waters of this great north canal.

"We passed through Alkmaar. On one side Dutch farmhouses, compact, four-square stretching in an endless line along the waterway; on the other side the meadows and beyond them, far away, the sweeping line of the dunes. They rise above the North sea and on their sandy sides and heights men are forever on the watch against the encroachments of the ocean; they plant the shrub called helm, that binds the sand together, making a bulwark against the rage of the waves. 'God gave us the sea, but we made the shore,' says the Dutchman. These dune-fringed and pastoral meadows that outstretched as we glided northward were once submerged in water. The fight against the sea never ceases. As we moved northward the three great dykes loomed out. I gazed out at these high bulwarks, patrolled and watched by day and by night, and mused on the legend that at Amsterdam there is one master key a turn of which, in times of peril from foreign invasion, will drown the land again.

"And as I mused there swept past a barge. The great sail was hoisted. The family—a mite of the 50,000 canal population who live out their lives on these floating houses—were gathered round the tiller, where mynheer smoked and steered. A barge—the symbol of this sea-conquering people. Below the Helder I landed. Beyond is the fort, with the fringe of islands out-posting Friesland, the fishing fleet and the gunboats, and the channel between the mainland and Texel opening to the world. As I crossed the bridge I saw the sight of sights. There was no fuss, no shouting, no spilling of wine at that launch. The barge moved from her cradle, shot downward, took the water in a rush, pretended to capsize and all at once acquiesced. She had found her master."

Proved His Mettle.

The sultan of Morocco is barbarous in his methods in spite of his acquaintance with European civilization. Not long ago, the story runs, he visited his private menagerie with a camera in order to photograph the animals. Arrived before the cage of a tiger, the young monarch suddenly desired his minister of war to hold the beast by the ear while he photographed it.

Dreading his master's displeasure if he refused, the trembling minister approached the cage, and, thrusting his hand between the bars, grasped the animal by the ear. With a fierce growl the tiger sprang to its feet, while the wretched minister, clinging grimly to it, divided between fear of the tiger and dread of the sultan. At that moment, his inexpressible relief, the camera clicked, and his ordeal was over. His courage did not go unrewarded. The sultan has distributed numerous copies of the photograph as an evidence of his skill as a photographer and of the pluck of his war minister.

Rattler Taken to Water and Fights.

Ex-State Senator and County Chairman M. C. Henninger, just back from a two weeks' fishing expedition to Con-tright's lake, Pike county, brought with him a big string of fish and a brand new snake story, which must be considered true.

It has always been supposed that a rattlesnake, above all things, dreads water and there never was any authentic story of a rattler taking to a stream. But the other day a Philadelphian saw a rattlesnake swimming across the lake. He jumped into a rowboat and made after it.

As soon as he had overtaken the snake he gave it a tap with an oar. He thought he had broken the rattler's back and tossed it into the boat. It was only stunned, however, and on reviving gave battle at once. The Philadelphian succeeded in killing it, but not until he had a narrow escape from being bitten.—Allentown Correspondent to Philadelphia Record.

WAS MERELY MAKING WORK.

When Target Practice Was Not So Important as It Is Now.

"In recent years," said an ordnance officer, "everything on a war vessel gives way to target practice. The one thing a commander is more interested in than anything else is the record that his men can make at the ranges. But there was a time when the 'man behind the gun' was not recognized as the most important element in the efficiency of a fighting ship."

"To illustrate: I was junior officer on the old Essex many years ago. In those days we had target practice once a quarter. We were forced by regulations to expend so many rounds of ammunition every three months, and—well, that was about all there was to it. It was a perfunctory kind of practice, and every one was glad when it was over."

"One day we went out for the quarterly practice, anchored the target and went at it. The targets we used in those days were three planks fastened in a triangle, a spar stepped in the center to hold the canvas which formed the target proper."

"Now the gun captain of the forward pivot rifle was an excellent marksman, and on his first trial he sent a shell through the spar, which smashed it into splinters. That, of course, stopped the practice, and out went a boat to tow the wrecked target alongside for repairs."

"When it had been patched up, it was towed back to its place, and firing was resumed."

"Again the same gunner had the first shot, and again his shell brought down both the spar and the canvas."

"The boat was again sent out, but when the repaired target was being towed back to the range, the captain, who was much out of humor by the delay, spoke his mind."

"'Tell Gunner Blank,' he commanded, 'that if he hits that target again I will put him in the brig!'"

Due to Vanity.

What women will do and endure in the quest of beautiful looks was exemplified by some instances given by a lady doctor.

A very wealthy woman recently took on a trip abroad with her a staff of beauty experts besides her maids. They traveled with her everywhere, staying at the best hotels and receiving large salaries for about an hour's work each per day. The lady, who is considerably past middle age, thus managed to keep up an appearance of youth, the artificiality of which, however, deceived no one but herself.

Other beauty maniacs, as they are called, are so made up with dyes and facial coloring matter that they have to avoid the open air. The treatment begins at noon, the face being steamed and massaged, the hands, arms, and neck whitened with artificial preparations, the hair manipulated and the figure scientifically laced. Drugs are used to make the eyes bright. And all this is gone through for the sake of shining at some social function.—Cassell's Journal.

Origin of Menageries.

An attempt to trace the origin of zoological gardens and natural history museums has been made by J. von Pleyel, a German. He concludes that menageries originated partly in the worship of sacred animals and partly in the ambition of rulers to collect specimens of rare, valuable and savage creatures. The simplest form of zoological gardens was known to the Chinese, Indians, Greeks, Romans and pre-Spanish Mexicans in very ancient times, a Chinese menagerie dating from 1150 B. C. being the oldest on record. The den of lions kept by Darius, of which we are told in the Book of Daniel, is an illustration of the primitive menageries; and the sacred white horses of Greece and Rome and the so-called white elephants of Burma and Siam represent another type. The menagerie founded in 1827 in Regent's park, London, seems to have suggested the establishment in Paris that is regarded as the earliest modern zoological garden.

The Perfect Woman.

It has remained for a French lady—Mme. Adolphe Brissot—to found a university for the training of the perfect woman. It is called the Université des Femmes, and the opinion of its foundress, Mme. Adolphe Brissot, is that it is "one of the sanest and soundest institutions yet devised for making women still more womanly."

The Université des Femmes works on original lines. In one classroom a group of pretty girls will study poetic dressmaking and the art of designing picturesque frocks. In the lecture hall the students will be regaled with a lecture on "Woman's Coquetry," says Woman's Life.

This novel curriculum, it is contended, will minimize the danger of the sweet girl graduate developing into the dreaded "blue stocking."

The Grave of Admiral de Ternay.

The last resting place of Admiral De Ternay, who commanded the French fleet which came to the assistance of the American forces in the latter part of the war of the revolution, is in Trinity churchyard, Newport, R. I. The grave is marked by a large marble slab. In the vestibule of the church is a marble monument with an inscription in Latin which was erected in the yard near the grave by the French government, and within the last 50 years was restored and placed in the church by the United States government, congress making a special appropriation for the purpose.

STRUCK FOR RIGHTS

PECULIAR CONTESTS THAT HIS TORY RECORDS.

Scarcely a Class of Workers of the World Has Not at Some Time Thus Made a Bid for Its Rights.

The recent strike of the London music hall artists calls attention to the fact that there is scarcely a class of workers, from actors to executioners, from lawyers to beer drinkers, and from parsons to choir boys which has not at one time or another asserted its rights and avenged its wrongs in a similar way.

Not long ago Spain was the scene of a combined strike of actors through-out its length and breadth, which arose as a sequel to the popular indignation at the election of an undesirable Archbishop at Valencia. The police of Madrid took the extreme step of closing the Zarzuela theater and arresting several of the actors for singing political songs directed against the government and the unpopular prelate. In consequence of this indignity the whole theatrical world arose in arms, and a meeting of the Spanish Actors' association was held, at which a universal strike and the closing of all the theaters in the country were proclaimed.

The barristers of St. Amand, in the department of Cher, when lectured by the judge of the district court on their habit of stirring up litigation and "setting the peaceful inhabitants of the town by the ears," left the court in a body and refused to enter it again until the judge made an ample apology for his charges, and when at the tribunal of Sens another judge thought fit to reprimand one of the lawyers for the defense and had him ejected from the court, all his fellow barristers to a man signed a protest and announced their intention never to plead again before him until he had made suitable amends for his conduct.

At Cracow, not long ago, the doctors refused to attend their patients unless their remuneration was increased; in New Zealand, when a poll tax was instituted which pressed heavily on the trade agents coming from Sydney, the commercial travelers, one and all, determined to boycott the country until the offensive impost was removed or modified; and in Canton the executioners once declined point blank to cut off any more heads unless their fee was doubled. The official to whom the announcement was made declined to concede the extra pay, but confronted the petitioners with the assurance that their business would soon be brisker than it had been.

Strikes among choristers are far from uncommon. To give but two examples, the choir boys at St. John's, Chatham, England, walked in a body out of the church in the middle of the service one Christmas day, and a church choir in Yorkshire struck because their singing was marred by the strident efforts of a well-meaning, but unmusical member of the congregation.

Even in the world of athletics strikes are by no means uncommon. There was a formidable strike of footballers at Crewe, and not long ago the members of a famous Scottish team refused to play unless a reporter whose remarks had displeased them was excluded from the ground.

Camping Party.

In getting up a camping party find enough congenial companions to make the party up to four or five, rarely more, never less. Two is too few in case of accident or the inevitable camp squabbles, three permits the association of two as chums leaving the third one to himself, four, two pairs, is the most satisfactory number, although five can travel comfortably.

Get as well acquainted as possible with all members of the party before starting. An uncongenial member may spoil the pleasure of the whole party. If possible let one man know well how to do camp cooking. Try him on a short outing before you trust him on the real trip.

The comfort of the whole party depends most on the ability of the cook. Fancy cooking or chafing dish adeptness amount to but little when it comes to frying bacon, making flapjacks, and building fires with green wood when the rain is pouring down and the others of the party are begging for "something hot, and mighty quick about it, too."—Travel Magazine.

Shakespeare's Phrases.

Users of everyday catch-words are constantly quoting that ubiquitous person Shakespeare. "Dead as a door-nail," "long and short of it," "getting even," "tag-rag," "birds of a feather," "that's flat," "mum," "scarecrow," "solid," "milkop," "joggerhead," "bag and baggage," "a mere song," "dancing attendance," "send him packing," "kill with kindness," "Greek to me," "ill wind that blows no good," "give and take," "an eyesore," "to boot" and "the man in the moon" are all his.

Her Sole Concern.

Miss Knox—Everybody knows Mr. Gailley is a notorious flit, and yet his wife declares she has great faith in him. Odd, isn't it?

Miss Wise—Not at all. When a fashionable woman speaks of her faith in her husband she simply means faith in his ability to make money for her.—Catholic Standard and Times.

JUST KICKED AT A CAT.

Cure for Rheumatism Discovered by a Jersey Freight Clerk.

A clerk in a railroad freight office in Jersey City suffered from spasmodic twinges in his right leg, which he attributed to rheumatism. He consulted a physician and spent a good deal for medicine, but continued to grow worse. One morning recently the office tomcat in a spirit of friendliness arched his back and rubbed against the afflicted calf. The clerk gave a vicious kick with his bad leg and a gray streak shot through the air. He hobbled to a chair and sat down with a few stirring remarks about cats and rheumatism. A few minutes later he grinded his teeth hard and arose. He shook his leg and feebly smiled. Then he walked like a drum major across the floor and bolaterously shook hands with himself. The sharp twinges had disappeared and there has been no recurrence of pain. The clerk's doctor corrected his diagnosis when asked for an explanation of the sudden cure and said that what he mistook for rheumatism was probably caused by a twisted ligament. The kick at the cat straightened out the twist and removed the cause of the trouble.

HAVE TO FIGHT PREJUDICE.

Salvation Army Unpopular Among Certain English Classes.

A woman on discovering that she had become sober while in the care of the Salvation army held up her hands in horror, shrieking, "Take me away from here quick, or I'll lose my reputation." This story was told by Gen. Booth. "It's a true story, and illustrates how absurd is some of the antipathy which exists against us," said Gen. Booth. "Some people whose prejudice we have to overcome look upon drunkenness as no stain upon their character, but think their reputations are besmirched if they attend a Salvation army meeting. I can tell you another story. An old drunken sot fell into our hands. We looked up his record, and found that he had been drunk so long he didn't remember much about himself. At last we discovered that he had deserted his wife. After much trouble we located his wife, who lived in a distant town; so we sent her this telegram: 'We have found your dear husband.' In a few hours the answer came back: 'You can keep him.'"

Sentiment.

A flag is no more to be classed as a strip of hunting than the sword of Bunker Hill could be classed as a chunk of steel. Memories, traditions, ideals, loyalty, patriotism are not unreal because they cannot be measured with a yardstick or weighed on the scales of a coal yard. Loyalty to the flag is a force as real and far more permanent than the great lifting crane of the navy yard. Patriotism will move more, in the space of time, than the biggest engine in the freight yards. Ideals are more forceful than the biggest mound of radium that the civilized world can ever get together. Public sentiment has had more to do with the digging of the Panama canal than the heaviest shovels driven by steam in the Culebra cut.

Plan Excavations at Memphis.

An appeal is being made in England for funds to undertake the great task of excavating the ruins of Memphis. It is expected that England will now do for Memphis what the French government has done for Delphi and the Germans for Olympia. The sites of the four great temples are plainly marked, so that exploration can begin at once. This mass of ruins covers 100 acres, as much as the whole of the site at Karnak, and it is estimated that \$15,000 will be needed annually for fifteen years to accomplish the work. Important material is believed to lie within a few yards of the surface, so that results should be reached promptly.

Useful Candle Nut.

One of the oddest nuts in the world is the candle nut, which grows in the Pacific Islands. The name is derived from the fact that the kernel is so full of oil that when dried it can be stuck in a reed and used as a candle. The natives of Hawaii roast these nuts, and after removing the shell reduce the kernel to a paste, which, when seasoned with salt and pepper, is reported as making an appetizing dish. The husk of the nuts and the gum which exudes from the tree have medicinal values, while the burned shell is used in making an indelible ink with which tattooing is done.—American Fruit and Nut Journal.

Victims of Poor Food.

At a recent military enrollment in Baden, Germany, of 604 young men liable to service, only 20 per cent. were found to be up to the physical standard. The peasants of this country were at one time among the most robust in the empire, but owing to the dearth of meat and the fact that the milk which once was a staple article of food is now sold to cheese factories their physique has degenerated.

Not in the Contract.

Husband—"Another new dress! Where do you suppose I shall get the money from to pay for it?" Wife—"You must excuse me. I didn't marry you to give you financial advice."

No Chicken.

Patience—"I saw her in bathing, and it is a fact that she has webfeet." Patience—"There! I always said she was no chicken!"